

O D E

k

Patrician

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O N

ST. CECILIA'S BIRTH-DAY.

MUSA DEDIT FIDIBUS DIVOS, PUEROSQUE DEORUM,
ET PUGILEM VICTOREM, ET EQUUM CERTAMINE PRIMUM,
ET JUVENUM CURAS REFERRE.

HORACE.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED BY J. JONES, No. 111, GRAFTON-STREET.

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

ST. CECILIA'S BIRTHDAY

ET JUVENUM CURAS
ET PUGNILEM VICTORIAM
ET SA DEBITA DIGNITATE

40
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63P

PRINTED BY J. JONES
DUBLIN
GRAFTON STREET



T O

GEO. WASHINGTON, BENJ. FRANKLIN, HEN.
FLOOD, HEN. GRATTAN, W. *H.* BURGH,
AND B. YELVERTON, ESQUIRES,

F O R

STRENUOUS AND EFFECTUAL EXERTIONS OF GREAT ABILITIES
IN THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY;

THE AUTHOR INTENDED TO INSCRIBE

T H E F O L L O W I N G P O E M :

HE NOW WISHES TO ADD THE NAMES OF

CHA. J. FOX, EDM. BURKE, AND R. B. SHERIDAN,

F O R

THEIR EXTRAORDINARY EFFORTS IN THE CAUSE OF HUMANITY.

1793 A PATRICIAN *Monte*

TO

WASHBURN & COMPANY
MADISON WISCONSIN
J. E. WILKINSON

STANDARD AND IS TOTAL EDITION OF 100,000
THE FIRST OF WHICH

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P R E F A C E.

SOME Apology is necessary for publishing an irregular Ode, in these Times, when the general Sense of a refined People, and the Judgment of respectable Critics, agree to censure and reject a Species of Composition, high in Repute among the Ancients, and deservedly, as may be judged from the sublime Specimens still preserved.

THE many 'ineffectual' Attempts in the last and Beginning of the present Century, where laxity of Numbers, with little regard to Invention or true Pindaric Fire, constituted an Ode, and was mistaken for Lyric Poetry, have unjustly brought Disgrace on that boldness and easiness of Measure fittest for Music; an Art that languishes under the restraining Fetters of equal Syllables and regular Returns of Emphasis and Rhyme.

I WOULD

I would proceed to justify English Lyric Poetry, and throw the Odium where it ought to fall, on the Poet, if any Thing farther were necessary than the mention of Cowley's Odes, a few of Maſon's and Congreve's on Mrs. Arabella Hunt's ſinging; but above all, that extraordinary Production of happy Genius, Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day; a Poem, in which apt Numbers lead captive the raviſhed Mind beyond all the Powers of regular Harmony, and diſable the Judgment from perceiving Faults which leſs alluring Decorations had left expoſed: for inſtance, the Power of Muſic is diſplayed, but it is to excite the Deſtruction of an already undone Foe: Alexander " fights all his Battles o'er again," without any Provocation from the Muſician that I can ſee, except his implied Recommendation of a Bumper: The whole Poem too wants a proper End or Object; but it is an ungrateful Task to diſcover Imperfections in a Composition where every Line is a Beauty, and where every Epithet is ſo well choſen and ſo happily applied, that, like Johnson's Proſe, ſcarcely one could be changed or removed, without weakening or deſtroying the Sentiment; a Composition that ſhall ſerve as a Model for future Generations, and occaſion the English Language to be ſtudied when in the Revolutions of Time it experiences the Fate of thoſe of Greece and Rome.

Not then with any vain, preſumptuous Hope of emulous Succeſs, where Pope, Addiſon, Oldham and Congreve have failed, was the following

lowing written; why and on whom it was, is not very material to the Reader.

I FEAR many Faults may be found in it: the Length is too great for Music; it may be curtailed, by omitting the Introduction and the Episode of Erin's Harp: It may be deemed a servile Copy of Dryden's, but let it not be thought prophane to say, that Milton's Epic Poem is as much a Copy of Homer's. The Admission of different Mythologies may be blamed; here also the great Milton is my Example: making Song the Stairs to a Seat in Heaven, the Fastidious we'll scorn, let them remember that Scripture points out no other Employment among the cælestial Inhabitants, and I therefore stand poetically acquitted for taking Advantage of a popular Belief on which to found a Subject of greater Importance than, I conceive, has yet been invented for a short Poem. The severe in Religion will reprobate my Compassion for Devils, but they need not be uneasy on that Head; I shall never be guilty of the same Crime towards them: They will censure the Description of Love as too warm, whilst the Young and the Gay may revile it for an opposite Fault. The Part of the Ode, respecting the Earth, may be thought useless, as little of it belongs to the Candidate, and her Election seems to have been deserved without it; but it shews her Song was unpremeditated, and the Apology for the imperfect Attempt to give the Original, will necessarily make the Reader conceive it very much superior

to that, which, though ineffectual, in a comparatively trivial Cause, was
the Exertion of one of the first of supposed earthly Beings.

Thus, I have run over the greatest Objections; as to the smaller,
they were not to be avoided without more Pains than I had Leisure or
Inclination to take: I despise heartily that Maxim of the Poet:

———*Vitavi denique culpam*
Non laudem merui.———

A PATRICIAN *Monk*

THE

T H E A R G U M E N T.

* *MARIA*, deceased, is found, on account of her Virtues, a proper Candidate for Heaven, and admitted on Trial—She begins with the Praise of God, and is joined by the Music of the Spheres and the Host of Angels—She then sings the Excellencies of the Angels in Battle—Wonderful Effects of her Song, in raising a Tumult—Quelled at the Son's Command, by relating the Miseries of the fallen Spirits, and in such a Manner that Christ intercedes for them, and they are pardoned.—Next, in order to give an Idea of the Joys and Vexations on Earth, (having sung Heaven and Hell) she chuses Love as a fit Topic—The Bliss resulting from it—Violent Effects of Jealousy not to be cured but by the Creator—Ends her Song, and is chosen of the Blessed—Hosanna.

* The Classic Reader will see that Maria, the feminine of *Mārus*, should be accented in the same Manner.

O D E

O N

St. CECILIA's BIRTH-DAY.

'T WAS at the Feast of Saint Cecilia's Day,
The Heavenly Host were met,
In gradatory-order set
Of Seraphim and Potentate,
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers; 5
Around their heads the beaming glories play,
Circling their brows with wreaths of splendant ray,
The min'string Stripling-Cherubs crown'd with flowers.

A

By

By the Most Highest summon'd, they attend

To hear the trial of a candid Saint,

10

Lately releas'd from Earth's restraint,

And with Celestials now aspires to blend;

Cecilia's day the Sov'reign-Willer chose,

In honour of her worth

Who gave the world new sounds to ease their woes,

15

And call the fine affections forth,

To hymn their God with loftier, apter praise,

And all the soul to Heaven and heavenly objects raise.

Not in the Heaven of Heavens the Host convene,

Where God's eternal throne is plac'd on high,

Under a vaulted canopy

20

Of clust'ring suns, whose radiant light,

In one great ocean of effulgence bright,

Flows ever undiminishing along th' ethereal scene :

For

For such magnificence of dazling glare
 Which highest Seraphim can scarcely bear, 25
 Might awe th' unpractis'd, bashful candidate;
 Yet were it darkness in profane compare,
 Of great Jehovah's glory uncreate.

'Twas in a lawn, where rich enamell'd hills
 Steal gently flogging o'er the verdant foil, 30
 Adown their sides meander tinkling rills,
 And in a lake the streams collecting coil :
 Waters of life !

Along whose banks the bending willows grow,
 And meeting, kiss the willows from below. 35

Like some fair landscape in this nether sphere,
 Where Nature lavishes the wild design,
 And haply here and there if art appear,
 Each eager step with fresh delight,
 New lures th' insatiate sight, 40
 And proves the Architect of skill divine.

The

The higher hills with forest-trees were crown'd,
 And haughty bosom'd spires out-top'd their pride,
 And sweet variety prevail'd around:

Detach'd or tufted, mingling scent and hue, 45
 Here underwood, here shrubs, here flowers preside,
 And many a fair pavillion rose to view,
 Whilst others, modestly, from sight withdrew.

Nor Greek nor Roman domes with these could vie,
 Where human genius wasted all its store 50
 Of deep invention, to entice the eye,
 Nor magic fabrics, built by Elphin fry,
 Where diamonds glitter all the surface o'er.

Thither oft times the studious saints retreat,
 (For sweet the change to Wisdom's rural seat!) 55
 There deep in Nature's book they penetrate,
 Not those pursuits that ^{hunt} ~~haunt~~ the human brain,
 The circle squar'd, or metals transmutate,
 Nor on perpetual motion meditate,
 Attraction,

Attraction, Longitude, or things as vain, 60
 Which infant Seraphs can with ease explain,
 Higher th' employment of celestial minds,
 And now and then some happy genius finds
 Secrets long vainly sought when all proclaim
 His rising worth, and spread through Heaven his growing
 fame. 65

Far to the north enormous mountains rise
 In brawny bulk, a huge, tremendous size !
 Eastward, enthron'd, the awful Father fate,
 Aurora veil'd, in blushes, curtains drew
 Of ample width, concealing him from view ; 70
 At his right-hand took place the Son sedate,
 Benign, contemplative, compassionate,
 In manly form, with manly grace replete :
 Hov'ring aloft, a Holy-sprite appears,
 Suspending in the scale of Fate 75
 The virtues of our gentle candidate,
 Compacted in a few of vernal years.

In opposition, doomsday and the grave
Seem with affection to the beam to cleave.

But see ! the Heavenly Host advert their eyes, 80

Fill'd with impatient expectation,
See how it changes sudden to surprise,
And settles into purest admiration.

No wonder ! Maria ent'ring they descry

The goodliest candidate 85

That e'er from earth transcended Heaven's gate,
Hopeful to mingle with the blest on high.

In graceful, solemn pace she treads the ground,

Nor lifts nor turns her modest eye around,

Then silent stands, respectful diffidence 90

A while o'erpowering conscious innocence :

At length with accent whisperingly faint,

Rais'd by degrees,

Whilst hands and eyes uplift confess the saint ;

She

She from the audience mute attention draws,
And Nature wide around was hush'd into a pause.

95

I.

Holy! holy! holy Lord!
In Heaven, in Earth, in Hell ador'd;
Omnipotent first cause!
Whose will is Nature's laws;
Creator of ten thousand thousand suns,
Their circling planets and revolving moons,
And that immense, conceiveless space,
Thro' which they roll unjostling, their unerring, endless race:
All praise be thine!

II.

But hark! what distant sounds steal on the ear!
Approaching near,

They

They now dilate in breezy, breezy swell,
 Ah! now they melt away,
 Tingling, softly, dying melt away,
 Sweet sounds! will ye not stay?
 They're gone! where are they? soothing Echo tell!
 Sure 'twas the music of the spheres,
 That, hymning thus their God, we heard with ravish'd
 ears.

III.

But hark! again,
 In bolder strain
 The wild airs sweep along,
 Full and more full th' harmonic tones arise,
 Now deep, now shrill, float thro' the trembling skies,
 Now! now they mingle in majestic song.
 Snatch your harps, angelic choir!
 They snatch their harps: enthusiastic fire

Peals

Peals o'er the strings ; Heaven's starry roof resounds,
 Loud hallelujahs voice and minstrelsy
 Roar ; Hallelujahs thro' the welkin fly,
 And hallelujah from the spheres rebounds.

IV.

Next, the fair candidate rehears'd the praise
 Of the cælestial host,
 When haughty Satan with contemptuous boast
 Threaten'd by force Jehovah's throne to seize :
 War in procinct array
 Gleam'd horrible dismay,
 When fiery, crowding darts had hid in night
 The dreadful fight,
 Did not their hissing flame afford an angry light ;
 When spear to spear, and shield to shield,
 Clash'd hideous discord thro' the field,

C

When

When Satan with his potent crew
 In dire confusion routed flew,
 But soon returning with explosive jar
 Of loud artillery, that spew'd from far
 Foulest combustibles, and havoc of an iron war:

V.

'Twas then, angelic host! ye show'd your might,
 From their foundations hills, rocks, mountains torn,
 Were thro' the air upborn,
 And hurl'd on the rebellions late with scorn
 Surfill'd, now tenfold vengeance from their evil plight.

VI.

'Twas then! (tho' no tradition tells the fact),
 Of small avail the former weapons found,
 Squadrons upspringing, on the whirlwind bound,
 And with prodigious force co-act;

Arresting

Arresting planets in their swift career,
Heav'd from aspect malign, sphere combats sphere,
Nor since corrected, still awry revolve a long eccentric
year.

VII.

'Twas then—————

VIII.

She had not ended, for the martial song
Rous'd in th' angelic throng
Belligerous ardour: forth were instant drawn
Millions of flaming swords that flash'd
Terrific coruscations, armour crash'd,
And war, and shout, and tumult fill'd the lawn:

IX. Nature

IX.

Nature alarm'd takes sympathetic part,
 Blue lightnings dart,
 Storms bellowing roar,
 Hoarse bursts of thunder
 Rend asunder
 The grim clouds, deluging their wintry store.

X.

The mountains labour with convulsive throes,
 And floods of molten fire
 Roll headlong down devouring ire,
 Encount'ring cataracts rage,
 And fire and water wasting conflict wage,
 Rocks, minerals disembowell'd, furious fly,
 In huge, ignited fragments thro' the sky,
 The elements in angry ruin vie,
 Vulcanian craters yawn, and Hell's profound disclose.

XII. Nature

XI.

Nature perhaps had gone to wreck,
 And Chaos, hoary anarch, rul'd again,
 Did not the Son, who sat unmov'd, ordain
 That Maria should th' unbridled tumult check,
 And soon she check'd it with a mournful strain.

XII.

Despair she fung, and Hell's remorseless pain,
 Absence of Hope, and Melancholy's reign.

XIII.

Behold ! she cries, the drear abyss ! behold !
 Stretch'd on the burning mould !
 Spiritual, faded forms, once bright,
 Once happy sons of light,
 Now fallen, perhaps by too much virtue fallen ! alas ! from
 What a height !

D

Compell'd

Compell'd to breathe the noisome air,

See! how they pant!

See! how they restless writhe along!

Now to the fiery lake repair,

The fiery lake supplies no want!

No friendly drop to cool their parching tongue.

XIV.

Oh! how their melancholy moans,

Piercing shrieks, dismal groans,

Their tortures declare!

Their desolation and despair!

All confidence, all hope is gone,

No pitying Saviour will their crimes atone!

XV. Silent

XV.

Silent and sad, the heavenly synod stand,
 Fill'd with repentant shame,
 They blush their blame,
 That thus could triumph o'er a powerless, captiv'd, tortur'd,
 hopeless band:
 Ascribe their unwarp'd virtue to their guide,
 (So ever 'tis with humbled pride.)
 Not thus, in passive grief, th' Eternal Son;
 The heaving sob declares his mighty woe,
 And tears of blood in gushing torrents flow,
 Then falling eager down before the throne:

XVI.

O! Father! Father! ease their grief,
 Vouchsafe them some relief,
 " Hear how their melancholy moans,
 " Piercing shrieks, dismal groans,
 " Their

“ Their tortures declare
 “ Their desolation and despair.”
 O! let thy mercy ’bove thy justice rise,
 Then shall past punishment suffice ;
 Or else, once more, see thy devoted son,
 With uninvented agonies their crimes atone.

XVII.

He said, a gently beaming light
 Divides the rosy cloud
 And had reveal’d the Father to the sight,
 But mildest attributes his form inshroud,
 Nature resumes her wonted tranquil face,
 Whilst from the throne proceed these words of grace :

XVIII.

Beloved Son ! in whom I am well pleas’d,
 Thy intercession hath my wrath appeas’d,
 Thy will be done ! be those forlorn releas’d !

In

In blest Elysium let them dwell,
 Till thrice three thousand lustres pass away,
 Thence purified to heaven convey,
 T' enjoy the bliss experienc'd e'er they fell.

XIX.

Hell listen'd to the doom,
 And thro' the fullen gloom
 A ^{harsh} ~~harsh~~ discordant yell,
 For such depopulation, jarr'd a horrid knell;
 Consumeless sulphur idly smokes around,
 Envenom'd serpents bite th' unfeeling ground,
 And hollow grumbling hisses shrill thro' the void profound.

XX.

But in Elysium, what a different scene
 O'erspread the wide domain!

E

Sprites

Sprites late oppress'd,
 With ease respire,
 Feel unexpected rest,
 Find wherewithal to gratify desire,
 Shake their sing'd plumes, essay them on the air;
 Or to the cooling streams repair;
 Some try again the long forgotten lyre,
 Heroic thoughts reviv'd the strings inspire;
 In friendly converse others social rove,
 Recline on sunny banks, or seek the shady grove;
 Topics of high import debate,
 Foreknowledge, final cause, free will and fate;
 In sweet poetic rapture others soar,
 Mix with Mæonian shades and emulate their lore.
 Does memory of past pain obtrude?
 It is to heighten present joy,
 Whilst peace, good will and gratitude
 Hold jubilee without alloy.

XXI. Thus

XXI.

Thus Heaven, Hell, Elysium, Maria sung;
 Heaven and Elysium in her praises rung:
 At length the praises ceas'd, and earth became
 The contemplation of her theme.

XXII.

O'er the terrene her looks she threw,
 Revolving on its axis to her view,
 Subjects of epic song, empires at strife,
 To pleasure tyrants these contend,
 * Those holy liberty defend,
 And in the glorious cause devote their life:
 She pass'd them by, with many more,
 Unapt, or sung before;
 Till on the planets disk she recognising spy'd
 A little island, Nature's pride,

Where

* Written during the American War.

Where Independence, Freedom, Commerce may
 Maintain unrival'd sway;
 But superstitious broils her sons divide,
 Sloth numbs the rent-rack'd hind, Corruption bears
 away,
 And whelms her nobles in its torpent tide.
 Yet there mild virtues fix their chosen stay,
 Friendship to nought but Love or Death gives way;
 There hospitable welcome glads the guest,
 Pity relieves the stranger and oppress'd,
 And Love triumphs in every youthful breast:
 But as the fair one meant to show
 The joys and miseries below,
 She love selected, for from love arise
 The purest joys, exalted mortals know,
 The keenest miseries beneath the skies.

XXIII.

Melliflously soft her numbers flow,
 Winding thro' the pleasing wo
 Of infant love, when something like a sigh
 Hangs on the breath, the noting eye
 Seeks to be noted, then askance,
 Or bending, shuns the mild half-stolen glance;
 When tender, dewy looks declare

Thoughts of friendly approbation,
 And nicety in dress and air,
 Courts respect and estimation;

Absence now uneasy grows,

Lifless pass they all the day,
 And dreams (if night can bring repose!)
 Are deck'd in hopes and fears array:

XXIV.

Slyly, wily arts discover
 In feigned tales the timid lover,

F

Follow

Follow little awkwardnesses,
 Little laughable distresses,
 Resistless tremblings,
 Weak dissemblings,
 Without anger, angry chiding,
 Pardon crav'd without transgression,
 Sighs, smiles, tears in quick succession,
 Falt'ring tongues bewray confession,
 Spite of every care in hiding :

XXV.

Then, oh ! then ! th' ecstatic blisses !

Kind endearments, warmer glances,

Now denying,

Now complying,

Past expression,

Each concession !

Oh ! the melting ! melting kisses !

Oh ! the dying ! dying trances !

XXVI.

XXVI.

Here Maria blush'd, and thro' th' assembly ran
 Th' infectious glow, as on a ^{harvest} ~~Summer's~~ night,
 Flashes the quick glimpse of the northern light,
 And angels envy man.

XXVII.

Flowers never fading spring around,
 To which the rose were pale and scentless found,
 The fragrant odours steal
 Along the fanning gale,
 The warbling habitants of air
 In chirping courtship pair,
 The streams responsive to her strains,
 Trickling murmur o'er the plains,
 The little hills disportive hopping play,
 And Nature clad in love smiles innocently gay.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

O Angels! could such thrilling transports last!
 "Well may ye envy man," resum'd the fair,
 But soon, alas! they're past,
 Too soon give place to care.
 Enjoyment cloy,
 Indifference grows,
 Inconstancy the calm destroys,
 Or jealousy, dread passion! murders all repose.
 Even now, look downward, on yon pair,
 A moment past, the happiest pair!
 Deem'd like a sacrifice,
 Too worthless to suffice
 A purchase of each other's smallest care;
 Yet now, his breast strives with some doubt,
 His vacant eye
 Seems thoughtfully to pry,
 As math'ematicians, when they search an abstruse problem out;

See

See now it lowers on his brows,
 And why? His bride a glance unconscious throws,
 That meets a casual glance from his dear friend,
 And in an instant love and friendship end.

XXX.

Oh! hapless! and thrice hapless he!
 Attack'd by jealousy,
 The pois'nous leven creeps along his veins,
 Till thro' the alter'd mass, the rankling venom reigns;
 Suspicions unconfirm'd the vitals tear,
 And certainty but comforts with despair;
 Vain is Apollo's triple art!
 No potent drug can min'ister ease,
 No powerful verse can please,
 No music can allay the smart.

XXXI.

O! see these victims to its rage!
 The wailing fair
 Beats her poor bosom, tears her hair,
 Spare! gentle Bride! thy guiltless bosom spare!
 And let thy innocence thy grief assuage!
 Regardless of the Mourner's bitter grief,
 He spurns her from his side, and deprecates relief.

XXXII.

See now! thro' the desert he flies,
 With eye-balls distorted,
 With phrenzy transported,
 The ocean resounds to his cries:
 Ha! see the Genius of the isle arise,
 Wak'd from his oozy bed,
 He shakes the hoary honours of his head,

And

And stares around,
 Scar'd with the horrid sound,
 And now, the cause is found;
 Grasps his endemial harp. The won'drous frame
 Was erst a Syren fair,
 Arrang'd the flowing hair
 The quiv'ring strings became;
 The slender body form'd a side,
 The tail recurvous one supply'd,
 Grasped in her hand obliquely up extending,
 The wrist and round arm gently bending;
 The right-hand half her bosom hides
 And graceful o'er the song presides:
 Her face averted wildly rais'd
 To Heaven, as for a thought she gaz'd;
 And like a basilisk the eye beguiles,
 While still a sure decoy the witching visage smiles.
 One day, as o'er the wave the wanton stray'd,
 And various mimic feats display'd,
 It chanc'd that Circe view'd the tuneful maid,

Whom

Whom, when in lyric figure found,
 With numbring spells, the magic Goddess bound,
 Still undepriv'd the power of fascinating sound.

XXXIII.

Long she enjoy'd the trophy of her art,
 With it enslav'd the wise Ulysses' heart;
 Its vehement control
 The famish'd wolves revering, cease to prowl;
 The blust'ring winds and raging sea
 Chid into calm obey;
 The rivers backward rolling seek their head,
 The paly moon reveals or hides her light,
 The yawning graves yield up their sheeted dead,
 And lonely ghosts scream thro' the dreary night:
 At length the Goddess was compell'd to yield
 This wondrous harp in mighty contest won,
 By Erin's Genius' matchless song outdone,

Proud

Proud of the conquest, since his people wield
Beneath the ensign-harp, th' unconquer'd sword and shield.

XXXIV.

But, hark! the Genius breathes the willing strings,
Piteous accents plaintive flow
In Lydian mode, attun'd to woe,
Then in divinely chaste Eolian sings,
Melting next he wanders
Thro' the sweet meanders
Of the light Ionic measure,
Now airy fingers thrilling move,
In Saphic strain, dissolving love,
But all, alas! unequal prove
To win the soul to pleasure.

H

XXXV.

XXXV.

The Godlike Genius, vex'd to find
 Pathetic tones incongruous to his mind,
 Resolves to try a more congenial kind,
 And by degrees to steal the circling sounds,
 Within Religion's calm, unruffled bounds :
 Just was the scheme, tho' fond the hope !

XXXVI.

The Phrygian muse he chose,
 And at the touch, symphonious tumult grows,
 But e're the prelude, to the song intended,
 Was half way ended,
 The Genius quite forgot his part,
 Or overpower'd by the mighty art,
 Like some great Alexander on a steed
 Of generous breed,

Obedient

Obedient to the managed rein,
 'Till clanging trumpets call th' embattl'd train,
 The warrior-courser scorns usurp'd command,
 Snorts, foams, neighs, thunders o'er the plain,
 Shakes Gorgon-terrors from his dreadful mane,
 Soon the rous'd rider slacks his hand,
 Partakes the fury which he cannot quell,
 Like a toss'd ocean his vex'd passions swell,
 He bursts impetuous, bellowing thro' Death's thickest band.

XXXVII.

Rage, rage, the Maniac fiercely cries;
 Rage, rage, the Musician more fiercely replies,
 And grates the jarring strings,
 Thro' the rent-skies, a growl discordant rings,
 Rebounding turbulently on his brain,
 Affrighted, confounded,
 With terrors of his own creation surrounded,

By

By his art turn'd traitor, away is he born,
 His entrails, his vitals are torn;
 See! Jealousy grins at his horrible pain;
 See! see the Maniac on the rock's tall brow,
 Now! now he plunges in the wave below,
 The whelming wave concludes his woe.

XXXVIII.

Not so th' immortal Genius, spent he lies,
 Flung on the rough rock's craggy side,
 Heaves giant pants and stormy sighs,
 Soon may his griefs subside!
 Nor may his failing hurt his honest pride!
 No farther aid could aught create dispense,
 And, O! there is but one Omnipotence.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

Hereat, before the throne, she lowly bow'd,
 And ceas'd her heavenly song, not as here marr'd,
 Thro' feeble efforts of a mortal bard,
 But such as heard before was never by th' enraptur'd crowd:
 Yet, bashful and unconfident she stands,
 Nor dares behold the glistening joy,
 Unmix'd of Envy's foul alloy,
 With which each countenance expands.

XL.

And now th' Ætherial trump began to blow
 The judgment blast, that all in Heaven may know,
 And reverence the Holy-one's decree,
 Proclaim'd aloud, and heard on bended knee:
 Well hast thou, good and faithful servant, done,
 'Twas thine my sinful angels to restore,
 Take place of all my saints, sit next my only Son,
 Where joy and gladness dwell for evermore.

XLI.

Now from the throne a glory emanates,
To which our earthly sun were dim,
Worthy the brow of highest Seraphim,
Invests the new made saint and Heaven illuminates:-
The conclave in full chorus join their voice,
And for th' elected Seraphim rejoice,
To the Most Highest loud hosannas sing,
Hosannas thro' the vast of Heaven ring.

F I N I S.

